

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 4068 VOL. CL

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1917.

SEVENPENCE.

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THE VICTOR IN PALESTINE: GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY.

On hearing of Sir Archibald Murray's recent victory near Gaza, his Majesty the King sent him the following message: "The good news of the latest success of the troops under your command has been received by us at home with the greatest satisfaction. We are proud of the achievements of your force and of the assistance given to the Allied Armies. Convey to all ranks my hearty congratulations, and my confidence in

their further efforts." It may be recalled that Sir Archibald said in his despatch: "On the 26th and 27th (March) we were heavily engaged with a force of about 20,000 of the enemy. We inflicted very heavy losses on him and have taken 900 prisoners, including General Commanding and whole Divisional Staff of 53rd Turkish Division." Sir Archibald Murray is General Officer Commanding in Egypt.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SWAINE.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

TWO stories from the front have recently come my way, each of which I feel to be as funny as a farce and as significant as an allegory. One of them tells how some of the German soldiers, in the course of the series of signals and overtures which some of them are always making more or less—either with the purpose of entrapping or the much more absurd purpose of persuading their enemy—put up a board bearing an inscription “We also are Saxons.” According to the story, which I sincerely hope is as true as it is certainly quite probable, they had the misfortune to erect this remarkable effort opposite a part of the British line where the soldiers were all Irish. It is somewhat unnecessary to say that the Hibernians who were thus honoured were restrained with some difficulty from attempting an immediate massacre of the ethnologists inhabiting the opposite trench. It is an admirable story, because it has so many aspects; there are at least five or six complicated cross-purposes involved in it. It has also a great many morals—philological, ethnical, and literary, as well as political and moral. It illustrates the absurdity of playing about with a mere word, which is the title of a province in one place, the tradition of a feud in another, a journalistic tag at one time, and an academic abstraction at another time. It is an example of the saying that translation is treason, for Saxon and Sassenach are not at all the same thing. It stamps on the stupidity of a person calling himself an Anglo-Saxon when he has the great glory of being an Englishman. I sincerely hope the word will be dropped altogether after the war, for it belongs to a class of pedantries which the war is pulverising every hour. It is now about as proper and pleasing to call oneself an Anglo-Saxon as it would be to call oneself a British Bavarian. It is again a test of the truth that made the whole project of a German and Irish combination so monstrous and unnatural. One can almost hear the hiss of scorn automatically produced by thrusting the icy priggishness of Teutonism into the red-hot realities of Ireland. But most of all it is interesting and instructive touching the two most important truths about the modern German: that he really has been educated, and that he has been educated wrong.

It is really probable that of any given group of German soldiers a considerable number have probably heard of the Teutonic Theory. It is probable that a considerable number know that the English are said to be Saxons; and that the Saxons in England are but another (and doubtless lesser) variety of the Saxons in Saxony. This is what the Germans mean when they call themselves a cultured people; and in this sense they are probably quite right in calling us an uncultured people. I gravely doubt whether the average Tommy in the trenches would understand

being called a Saxon any more than being called a Württemberger. I doubt if he would know what you meant if you told him he was another variety of the great Teutonic race. I am not at all sure he would not, although for other reasons, think the charge of Saxonism as much of an insult as the Irishmen thought it. All this, of course, is very sad: and our elementary education is in a dreadful state. But the night of our sorrow is, perhaps, lit up by a ray of consolation when we consider that, when the German soldier knows that the Englishman is a Saxon, he knows what is not the case. The German's knowledge is wrong, and in that sense the Englishman's ignorance is right. But whatever danger of pride or vainglory there may be in such a paradox can probably be countered by another consideration which is

Nor do I think that many will differ from me in thinking it fortunate that our soldiers had not been exactly soaked in Teutonism before they were taken out to exchange such signals and greetings with the Teutons. Most of us will agree that it would be better that an English soldier should not be able to read the notice-board at all than that there should be the least chance of his reading it and agreeing with it. And this we should think for reasons far beyond the immediate national need, and concerned with universal truth in history and philosophy. It is bad enough that one great branch of the European race should have learned with fervid docility to believe that black is white, or to believe something equally silly. For it is not more absurd to believe that black is white than to believe that white is not

white. And a Teuton who cannot see that he is one white man among many, among the white Latins or the white Slavs, is almost literally a man who believes that white is not white. A man who tries to treat the other national types of Christendom as if they were brown or black is in an almost physical sense colour-blind.

I have left myself no space to do justice to the other story, of which I may say more on a future occasion. Nevertheless, I will narrate it briefly here, for it is worth repeating. I will also take the opportunity of thanking the gentleman who kindly conveyed it to me. It is simply this. On entering one of the towns which the British have recently captured, he found amid the carnage and wreckage of a most horrible devastation, among the ashes of a desecrated church and the embers of a burn-



IN THE TRAIL OF THE RETREATING GERMANS: AN EXPLOSION IN A HOUSE FIRED BY THE ENEMY, ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

British Official Photograph.

quite equally true. The uneducated Englishman is more right than the educated Englishman, as well as more right than the educated German. Up to the very edge of the Great War, our schools and colleges all taught various forms of the Teutonic Theory; and told the Englishman to pride himself primarily on being an Anglo-Saxon. A schoolmaster had no more hesitation about teaching Germanism than about teaching German. The professors of Oxford and Cambridge were perpetually flattering the professors beyond the Rhine; and the standard they set up in education was of the sort which has been called the sincerest form of flattery. It was, indeed, a standard in a double sense, for it was an ensign and a signal with which we hailed a distant and, as we afterwards found, a hostile people. But I am sorry to say that the academic standard we hoisted in no way resembled St. George's Cross, and stood neither for our religion nor our patriotism. What we hoisted was a wooden notice-board, on which was written: “We also are Saxons.”

Such being the lamentable history of recent English scholarship, I fear I am not shedding tears of blood because Tommy Atkins is said to be no scholar.

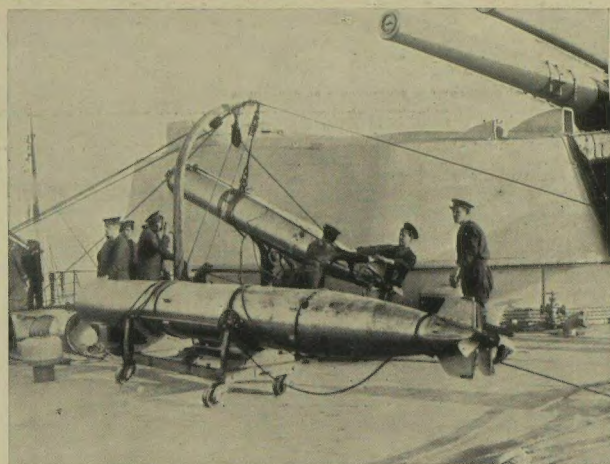
ing village, another notice-board with another inscription. If a moderately sane human being had a hundred guesses, he would never guess the incredible thing that was written on it. There was written on it a message in German, of which the rough translation is, “Do not be infuriated; only astonished!”*

Even had I more space to speak in, I think it would leave me speechless. This cultivated German gentleman would not on any account have us infuriated, and this is how he avoided any possible stimulus to fury. He would have us only mildly astonished, and this is how he mildly astonishes us. What is any man alive to say to such a lunatic, except to convey to him in some approximate fashion that he has certainly achieved the precise opposite of what he wanted? What are we to say except that blasphemy and brutality and devilish cruelty continue to infuriate us, but that in him they no longer astonish us? The longer he continues his course, the more atrocious he grows and the less impressive; and by the end he will inspire only horror, and nothing even so dignified as terror.

* Our readers will remember that a photograph of this notice-board, found at Péronne, appeared in our last issue, that for March 31. In German the notice ran: “Nicht ärgern, nur wundern!”

WITH THE GRAND FLEET: TAKING IN BATTLE-DAY PROJECTILES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



KEEPING A SHIP'S TORPEDO MAGAZINES STOCKED: A TORPEDO BEING STEADIED IN THE SLINGS WHILE BEING LOWERED TO THE DECK.



KEEPING A SHIP'S TORPEDO-MAGAZINES STOCKED: A TORPEDO COMING ON BOARD—THE SAILS OF THE ORDNANCE-TRANSPORT SEEN BEYOND.



15-INCH SHELLS FOR THE TURRET-GUN MAGAZINES: A SHELL BEING LOWERED FROM THE AMMUNITION-VESSEL ALONGSIDE.



15-INCH SHELLS FOR THE TURRET-GUN MAGAZINES: A SHELL ON REACHING A WAR-SHIP'S DECK BEING STACKED BEFORE REMOVAL BELOW.



15-INCH SHELLS FOR THE TURRET-GUN MAGAZINES: A SHELL FROM THE ROWS ON DECK BEING TRUCKED TO THE AMMUNITION HATCHWAY.



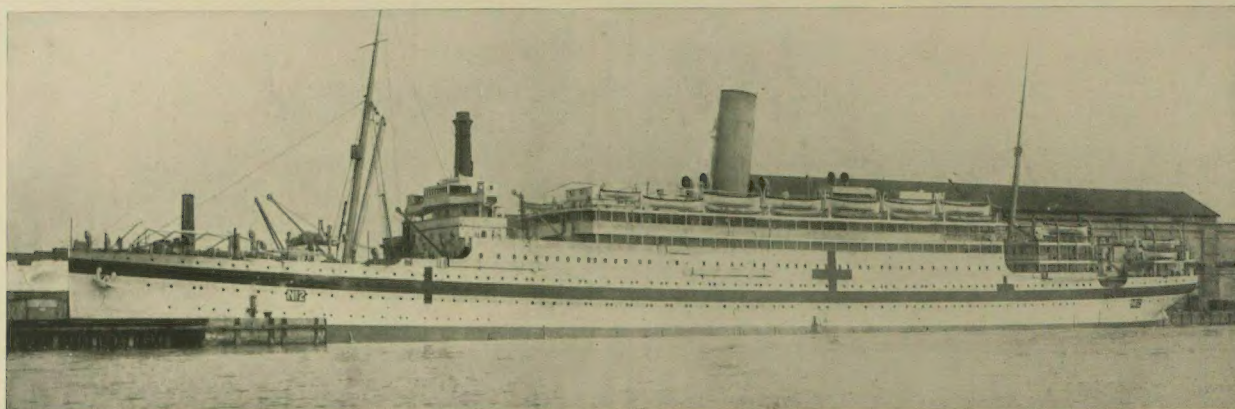
15-INCH SHELLS FOR THE TURRET-GUN MAGAZINES: A SHELL IN THE LOWERING TACKLE ABOUT TO GO DOWN THE MAGAZINE HATCHWAY.

The first two illustrations show torpedoes being taken in on the upper deck of a war-ship. The sails of the Ordnance Department vessel bringing them alongside at sea are seen in the background of the second illustration. The torpedoes are slung up the side, and so on deck, to be placed on trucks and run to the torpedo-hatch, through which they are sent below end-on to the torpedo-magazines on the "submerged flat"—a deck below the water-line level. It will be seen that the torpedoes at the fore-end are without their "war-heads," which contain the explosive charge. These are fitted later, as may be

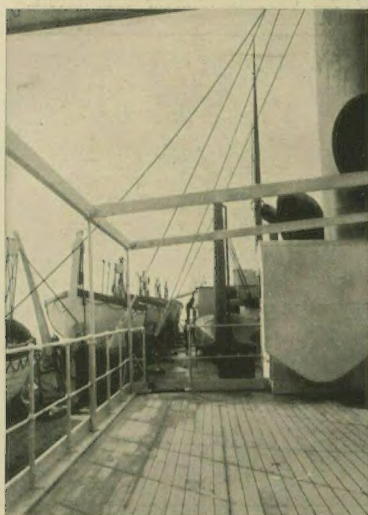
ordered.—The four other illustrations show 15-inch shells coming on board, and the upper deck stages of their reception. In the third illustration, a projectile is being hoisted in from the ammunition transport, shown alongside in the fourth illustration. That illustration also shows the shells being stowed temporarily on deck in rows as they are received. In the fifth illustration we see a 15-inch shell on its way to the magazine-hatchway, being trucked along the deck by three men. The sixth illustration shows the narrow, oblong opening in the deck through which the shells descend to the depths below.

A CASE FOR REPRISALS: A HOSPITAL-SHIP SUNK WITHOUT WARNING.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH IS BY TOPICAL.



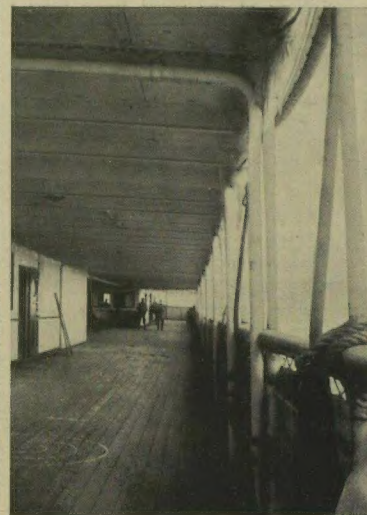
"TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING ON THE NIGHT, MARCH 20-21," WITH CASUALTIES—31 DEAD, 12 MISSING, AND 39 INJURED:
THE BRITISH HOSPITAL-SHIP "ASTURIAS."



ON BOARD THE "ASTURIAS":
THE BOAT DECK.



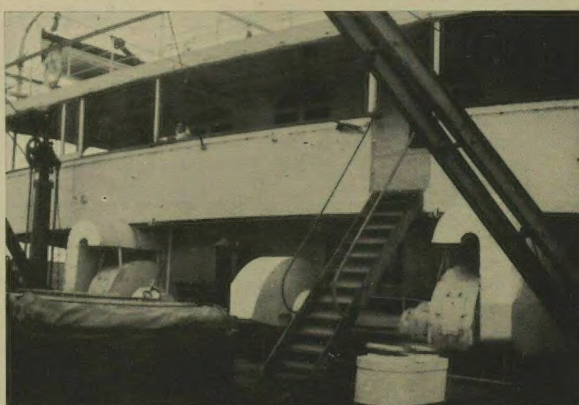
THE BOAT DECK OF THE "ASTURIAS":
ANOTHER VIEW.



ON BOARD THE "ASTURIAS":
THE PROMENADE DECK.



FORMERLY AN R.M.S.P. LINER: THE "ASTURIAS" LYING ALONGSIDE
THE QUAYS AT ALEXANDRIA.



ONE OF SEVEN ABOVE THE WATER-LINE: THE PROMENADE DECK
OF THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "ASTURIAS."

Another dastardly German crime against the Red Cross was announced recently by the Admiralty as follows: "The British hospital-ship 'Asturias,' whilst steaming with all navigating lights and with all the proper distinguishing Red Cross signs brilliantly illuminated, was torpedoed without warning on the night March 20-21. The following casualties occurred: Medical services—Dead, 11; missing, 3 (including 1 female staff nurse); injured, 17. Crew—dead, 20; missing, 9 (including one stewardess); injured, 22." Fortunately there were no wounded on board, the ship having recently landed 900 sick cases, but besides the crew there were members of the R.A.M.C. and a number of nurses.

Between 300 and 400 people were saved. The "Asturias" had been once before attacked by an enemy submarine, on February 1, 1915, but the torpedo missed her. When the Germans recently announced their intention of attacking hospital-ships within a certain zone, they were warned that "if the threat is carried out, reprisals will immediately be taken by the British authorities concerned." The German charge that hospital-ships have been used for conveying troops and munitions has been emphatically denied by the British Government, who further pointed out that belligerents had the right to search suspected hospital-ships—a right which the Germans had never exercised.

READY FOR AN AUSTRO-GERMAN OFFENSIVE: ITALY'S ALPINE FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALPIERI.



WIRELESS IN THE ALPS: AN ITALIAN WIRELESS STATION IN THE SNOWS AT A HEIGHT OF 10,000 FT.



ONE OF THE WONDERS OF ITALIAN MOUNTAIN TRANSPORT: AN AERIAL CABLE-WAY IN THE ALPS.



THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE AS PRACTISED BY THE ITALIANS IN THE ALPS: A MASKED ROAD IN THE MOUNTAINS, SCREENED WITH MATTING.



THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN AMID THE SNOW FIELDS: MILITARY SHEDS AND AN ALPINE PATROL.



DRESSED IN WHITE UNIFORMS AS PROTECTIVE COLORATION: A PATROL OF ALPINI ON THEIR WAY TO AN ADVANCED POST.

The prospect of a new and greater enemy offensive against Italy this year, in which Germany might co-operate with Austria, has been much discussed of late in the Italian Press. General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the British Imperial General Staff, recently visited the Italian lines, both on the Isonzo and in the Trentino, as the guest of General Cadorna. "As a professional soldier," writes Mr. Perceval Gibbon, "he spoke warmly

of the superb organisation which prevails on the most difficult front in this war." Of the 'wire-ways,' as in our second photograph, Lord Northcliffe writes: "Steel cables slung from hill to hill, from ridge to ridge, span yawning depths and reach almost vertically into the clouds. Up these cables go guns and food, as well as timber for the huts in which the men live; and material for entrenchments. Down these come the wounded."

THE GERMAN RETREAT BEFORE THE BRITISH: THE WHY AND THE HOW.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



HOW THE RETREATING GERMANS TRIED TO IMPEDE THE ADVANCE OF OUR TROOPS: FELLED TREES AND WRECKAGE
PILED ACROSS A ROADWAY IN FRANCE.



ANOTHER METHOD ADOPTED BY THE GERMANS IN THEIR RETREAT FOR MAKING ROADS IMPASSABLE:
A BIG CRATER CAUSED BY A MINE EXPLOSION.



ONE REASON WHY THE GERMANS FOUND IT ADVISABLE TO EFFECT A STRATEGIC RETREAT: AN EXAMPLE OF THE HAVOC
CAUSED IN THEIR LINES BY OUR BOMBARDMENT.



IN "THE COUNTRY WHICH THE GERMANS HAVE LAID WASTE": A TYPICAL SCENE OF RUIN AND DESOLATION
IN AN INVADIED DISTRICT OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

Among many reasons put forward for the German retreat, one no doubt was that their positions had become untenable—or tenable only at too high a cost in casualties—owing to the severity of the British bombardment. In their retreat the enemy systematically devastated a fair countryside. "Day by day," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs on March 28, "our soldiers push further forward across the country which the Germans have so laid waste that, even when peace comes, there will be no dwelling places where there were once fine châteaux of France, and thriving little towns, and hamlets clustering about old

farmsteads and great barns; nor any orchards where for miles there was white blossom in the Aprils of many centuries, and ruddy fruit in all the autumns of the past. The day before yesterday our men captured three more villages . . . and they were ruined, like all the other ruins, not by fighting but by methodical destruction. I see the British troops in these places, small parties of them encamped among the ruins or resting an hour or two by old German trenches or old German dug-outs, or by heaps of broken brickwork. These men of ours take all this desolation in a matter-of-fact way."

THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE: BRITISH PATROLS IN FRENCH VILLAGES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



SURROUNDED BY REJOICING INHABITANTS AND GIVING THE CHILDREN BICYCLE RIDES: BRITISH TROOPS ARRIVING IN A NEWLY CAPTURED VILLAGE.



A BRITISH MACHINE-GUNNER THE CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING CROWD: A SCENE IN A RECOVERED FRENCH VILLAGE.

The inhabitants of the numerous French villages evacuated by the Germans in their retreat were naturally delighted to see the British troops and gave them the heartiest of welcomes. Scenes like those shown above occurred at many places, as, for example, in the little town of Nesle, as described by Mr. Philip Gibbs. "By 7.30 in the morning, there was not a German soldier left in Nesle, and at 9.30 a British patrol entered, and

the women and children surrounded our men, laughing and weeping. To-day they were being fed by British soldiers, and were waiting round the field-kitchens with wistful eyes." In some places, no doubt, the people had suffered more than at others. Writing of Nesle and Roye, Mr. Gibbs says: "The women's faces were dead faces, sallow and mask-like, and branded with the memory of great agonies. The children were white and thin."

IN THE INVADIED FRENCH TERRITORY RETRIEVED BY THE

OFFICIAL

BRITISH ARMY: INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT ADVANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS.



SHOWING, ON THE RIGHT, THE RUINS OF THE MAIRIE: WRECKED HOUSES
IN THE CAPTURED VILLAGE OF BUCQUOY.



BLOWN UP BY THE GERMANS TO HINDER OUR
AT PÉRONNE, AND



ADVANCE: A MILL-STREAM BRIDGE DESTROYED
WRECKED HOUSES.



"THE ENEMY . . . MADE MANY MINE-CRATERS ALONG THE WAY OF HIS RETREAT":
A CHURCH WRECKED BY A GERMAN MINE.



FRENCH CHILDREN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS MAKING FRIENDS: A HAPPY GROUP ROUND A STOVE
IN A NEWLY CAPTURED VILLAGE.



THE CAVALRY GET THEIR CHANCE AT LAST:
BY THE



CROSSING A TIMBER BRIDGE RAPIDLY BUILT
ROYAL ENGINEERS.

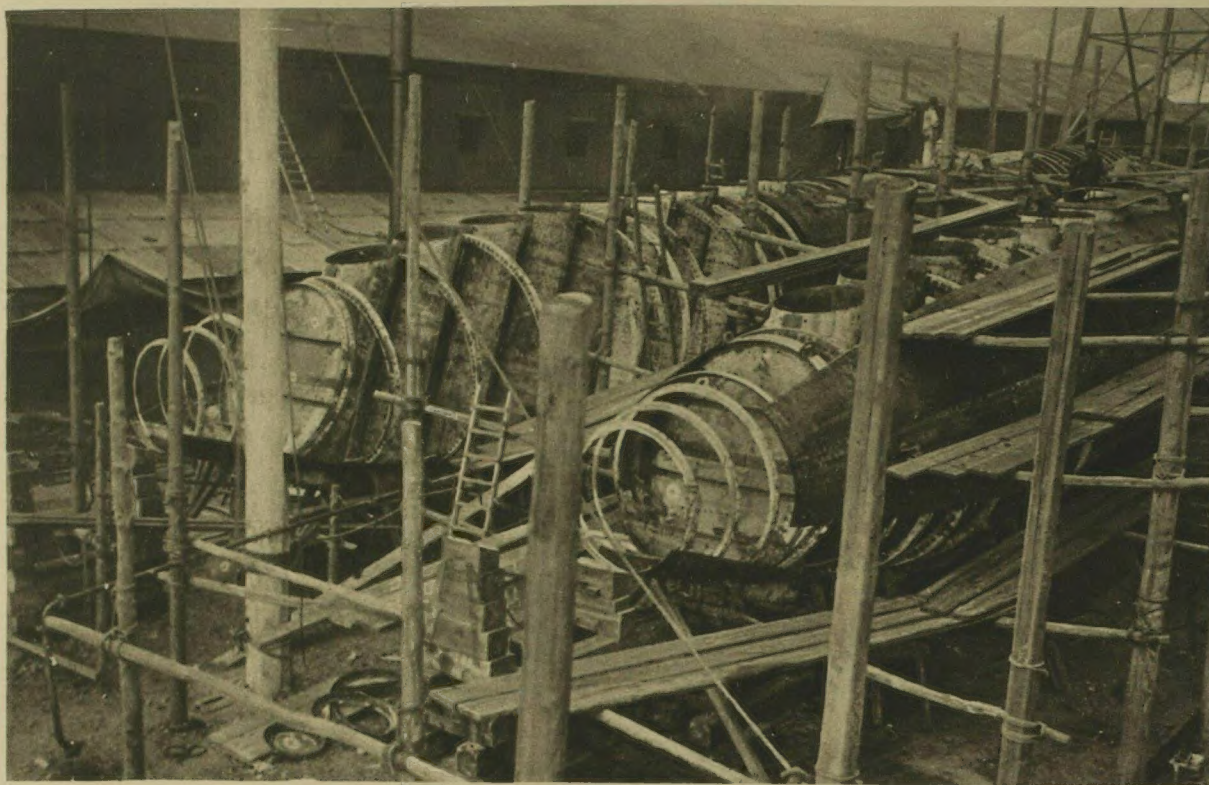


A BRITISH SOLDIER PUTS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF FRENCH TO GOOD USE: READING THE NEWS
TO INHABITANTS OF A NEWLY CAPTURED VILLAGE.

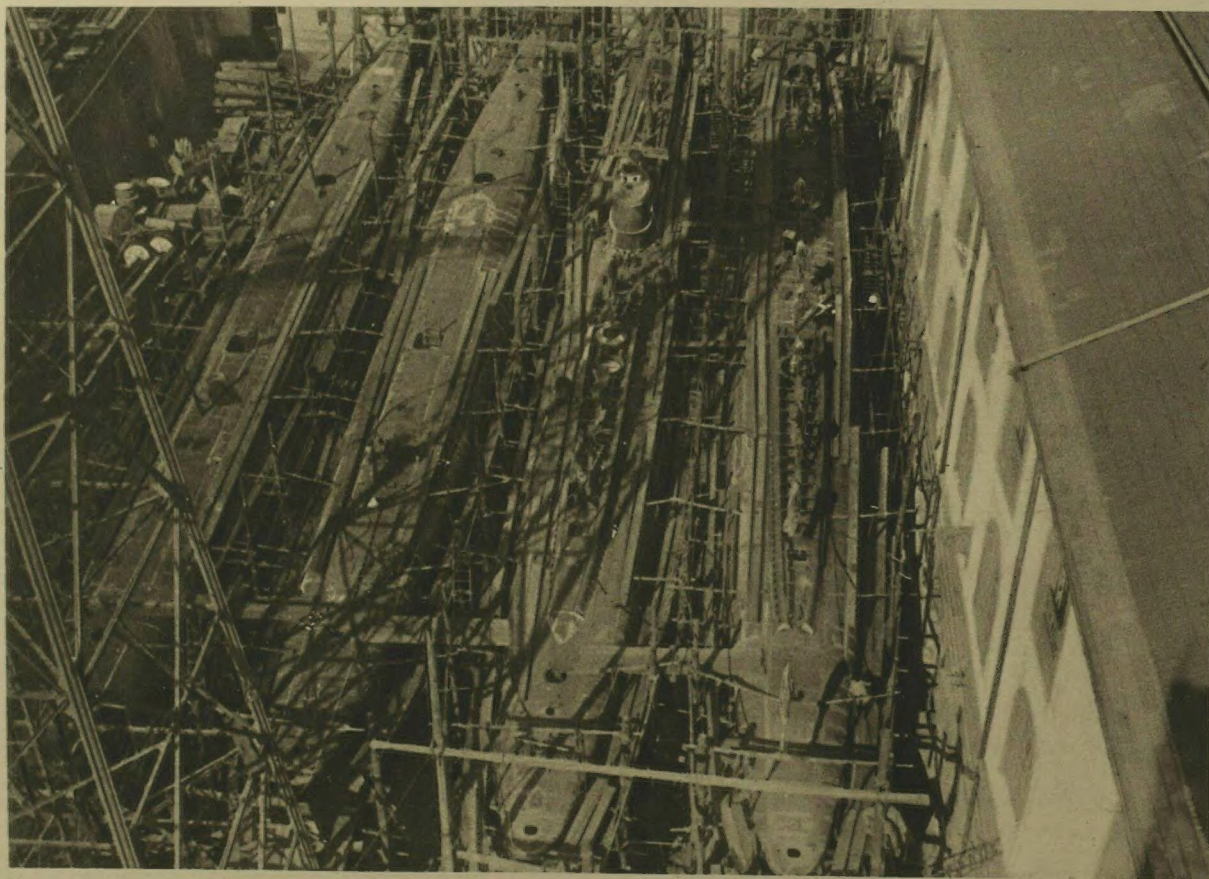
The above photographs, taken recently on the British front in France, illustrate various scenes and incidents of the new phase of the war, during which our troops have overrun great tracts of country evacuated by the Germans. When the capture of Bapaume and Péronne was announced on March 18, it may be recalled, the despatch stated at the same time that "we have gained possession of over sixty villages." Among them was Bucquoy, near Achiet-le-Grand and about seven miles north-west of Bapaume. The condition in which our troops found Bucquoy is well shown in the first of these photographs. The ruins of the Mairie are seen on the right, and the general state of the village is typical of most of the others in the recovered territory. "Our soldiers," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "go through these wrecked and silent villages like men visiting the country of an old-world civilisation, and camp among the ruins and make fires of their timbers. But in some of the villages they have come across human beings at last. In the villages of Rouy and Voyennes and Nesle, and a few others, women and children and old people came out to meet them, and our soldiers stared at them and were astonished. These people were spectres, worn down to

mere skin and bone, with scraggy hands, which stretched out towards our English boys in pitiful appeal. They were starving and clamoured for food. The children were like waxen dolls." In some places, no doubt, the conditions were worse than in others. "When the enemy left," continues Mr. Gibbs, "he blew up all the cross roads and made many mine-craters along his way of retreat. They have scarcely checked us at all, and a tribute of praise is due to our infantry and our labour battalions who have been repairing those roads with quick, untiring industry." Equal promptitude was shown by the Engineers in building temporary bridges, to replace those destroyed by the enemy. An example of their work is shown in our fifth photograph, with mounted men crossing it. "The critics who said that the cavalry were an anachronism," writes a Reuter correspondent, "have been proved false prophets by the events of the past few days. This arm of the service, by skilful tactics and some dashing skirmishing, has captured the villages of Liermont, Guyencourt, and Villers-Faucon. The cavalry have also done much valuable scouting work."

SUBMARINE FORCES OF THE ALLIES: NEW CRAFT UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



ITALY'S NEW CONSTRUCTION IN UNDER-WATER CRAFT: SUBMARINE MINE-LAYERS IN BUILDING, AND NEARING COMPLETION.



NEW SUBMARINES ON THE STOCKS IN AN ITALIAN NAVAL DOCKYARD: AN OVERHEAD VIEW.

As our photographs show, the Italian naval authorities are taking active measures to cope with enemy submarines, and at the same time to increase their own Navy's strength in that type of craft. The Italian Minister of Marine, Admiral Corsi, gave some interesting information on the subject recently in the Italian Parliament. "Admiral Corsi stated before the Chamber very plainly," writes Mr. A. Beaumont, "the steps taken to

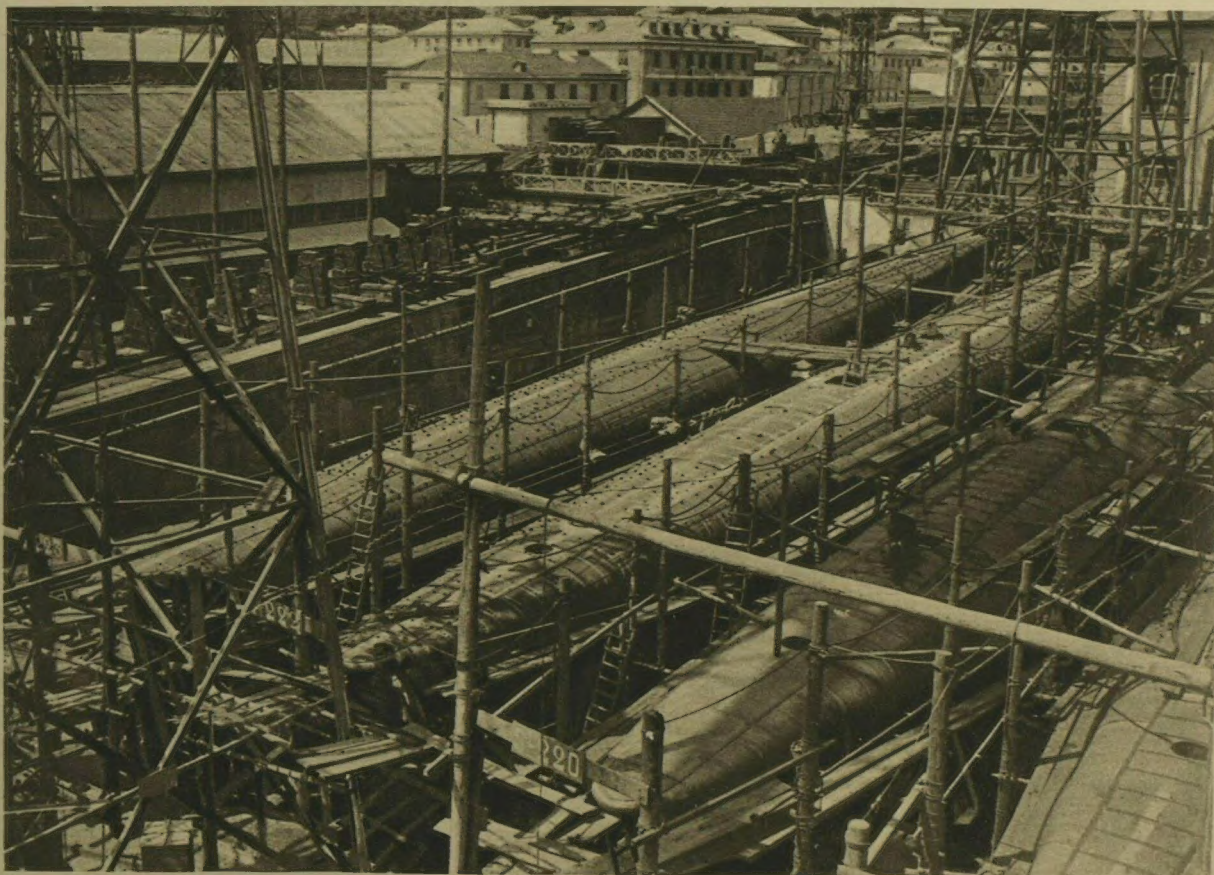
arm merchant vessels against submarines. These things are now no longer any secret, and it will doubtless be welcome news to all the other Allies to know that Italy is doing her full share in the chase of the submarine pirates. The Admiral said: 'Much has been done for some time past already to protect our merchant shipping, which, however, does not mean that further steps will not be taken.' He then continued to explain

(Continued opposite.)

THE UNDER-WATER WAR: NEW ALLIED "CHASERS" AND SUBMARINES.



ITALIAN MOTOR-CRAFT FOR HUNTING U-BOATS: A SQUADRON OF SUBMARINE-CHASERS, WITH GUNS MOUNTED FORWARD.



ADDITIONS TO THE NAVAL FORCES OF THE ALLIES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: NEW ITALIAN SUBMARINES UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

Continued.

that . . . there is an active service of vigilance and defence, and measures are taken for the immediate chase of any submarine signalled in any particular area. Nets for the capture or detection of submarines have been used, but their efficacy is not so great as in the more shallow seas, and this defect is made up for by other measures. The Channel of Otranto, which commands the entrance to the Adriatic, has been patrolled

for months already, with the most satisfactory result." Our photographs were taken in the Government-controlled naval yards of Messrs. Ansaldo. Motor-boats, as seen in the upper right-hand page illustration, each with a gun forward, police the Mediterranean and Adriatic. The United States Navy Secretary recently notified the building of 110-foot submarine-chasers, and that several hundred motor-boats were being commissioned.

Welfare Work at a Model Munitions Factory.

(See Illustrations on other Pages.)

THE bad name by which our English bulldog has most often been hung abroad and at home is his lack of efficiency.

"Look how efficient the Germans are! Look how efficient the Americans are!" was the war-cry of England before the war.

No one stopped to inquire what were the general conditions of those from whom efficiency was required, nor what inspired the German and American efficiency, and made it, in so many cases, a question of compulsory quantity rather than of duration or quality. The short run appeals to most people, particularly when there is money at the other end of it.

The question of staying power can always be overlooked, until a crisis arises.

Even now in some quarters one hears rather too much of guns and output, as opposed to the man behind the gun and the operative behind the output; and yet the opposition between the two is as imaginary as the line of the Equator.

Good conditions for the operative mean good output. It was Napoleon who long ago realised that "armies fight on their stomachs." So does everyone with work to do; and the first of all practical duties, when good work is required, is physically to

apart as is practicable on a piece of open land. First-rate hygiene and sanitation have been obtained. Nine lady supervisors—sensible, competent women—devote their energies and experience to looking after the girls' welfare. Good meals are provided at cost prices in large airy mess-rooms, separated from, but close to, the factory premises. The tables are made to look as nice as possible. Table-cloths are used, and pots of flowers adorn them. Lunch and tea are provided free, with little breaks of twenty minutes, which, if it is fine, can be spent out of doors in the girls' garden.

The girls have a garden; they have a recreation-room for night shifts; they have a perfectly fitted small hospital, where they can be treated for any minor accident, or, in case of over-fatigue, where they are given an hour or two's rest in an airy rest-room before returning to work.

But those who know about the life of factories will at once inquire: "Do they use these places, or are they merely show statistics?"

The answer to this is: that the garden fills twice daily with girls skipping, that the recreation-room is crowded with girls dancing, and that they feel quite at home in the little friendly hospital, to which

The girls are studied carefully by their supervisors, and when one branch of the work appears unsuitable for them (through no fault of their own) they are offered a job in another department. An evening recreation club is run, largely by the firm, for the girls in the town.

The mothers among the operatives are provided with a splendidly organised crèche for their babies. They are encouraged to talk over each child with the matron, and are given advice as to its feeding and care. A weekly clinic is attached to the crèche, and visited by a competent doctor. Life is safeguarded and acknowledged from its beginning. The effect upon the operatives is plain to the most unpractised eye.

In spite of the length of the hours (twelve a day, with an hour off for mid-day dinner and two pauses of twenty minutes each for lunch and tea, for three days in the week; eight hours for two days; and a half-day on Saturday), the women look healthy and unharassed. They laugh and talk easily. They have not the terrible eyes of the bicycle-rider, so common in cases of overstrain. Their interest in their work is as keen as Sheffield steel. They do not look up from the brisk hand-



CHEERFUL CONDITIONS THAT RESULT IN ADDED EFFICIENCY: THE MID-DAY MEAL IN THE CANTEEN OF A WELL-ORGANISED MUNITIONS-FACTORY.

The article on this page makes it clear that in a munitions-factory, as anywhere else, better results are obtained if the workers are well treated and the conditions are cheerful and sympathetic. This is as true for men as for women. Elsewhere in this number we give drawings made at a model shell-factory where women are employed.—[By Courtesy of the Ministry of Munitions.]

equip the worker. We must not stop there, for next to physical equipment, perhaps even before it, comes the value of the consenting will.

Successful work must be done with keenness, and to have keenness you must avoid injustice.

German efficiency is in many cases the result of fear—it is made by the machine, and has very little to do with the human being behind it: he has to all intents and purposes been caught into the machine. We do not believe that it will outlast our more measured free-will offering.

The chief problem is how to give satisfactory conditions to the operative while increasing the output. And that is the aim of the Ministry of Munitions through its Welfare section.

There is a munitions-factory not far from London which has gone far in the direction of solving this difficult question. This factory employs several thousand girl operatives upon shells and high explosives, and it has been grasped by its young manager that, with the necessarily long hours and heavy pressure of work, the factory itself must supply as much relief and recreation as possible. He has, therefore, transformed the factory to meet the human needs of his operatives. The buildings are placed as far

there is not the slightest difficulty of admission, a pass being supplied by the forewoman for any recognisable ill.

There have never been any strikes in the factory. All the operatives are cordially invited to make written complaints and put them in the Complaint Boxes, placed in conspicuous positions for this purpose. Nobody is afraid of the Complaint Boxes. No operative has ever been looked at askance for a grievance. She could supply them, if she wished, as thickly as blackberries; the only bad consequences would fall upon the lady whose business it is to listen to the complaints. Her patience might suffer, but not the prospects of the girls. Suitable rooms are found for each girl in the district by the Lady Supervisor. The girl may take her choice, but she is provided with a safe list to choose from. There is also a cheap and excellent hostel run by the firm, which is always full to overflowing.

All sick cases are investigated and cared for by a special committee. They are visited by a lady whose special business it is, and who reports upon them to the committee, which, in turn, decides upon the best method of assisting each individual girl until she has recovered.

ling of their shells to notice a visitor. They are proud of their skill and their speed. The care that has fed their energies has fed their work.

The hardest-worked operative in the factory is the manager, and the other operatives know it; but they have never known him too rushed to be attentive and considerate. Nobody is afraid to face him with a good cause; and he is not a sentimentalist, so that few people care to face him with a bad one. He is so business-like that he has time to make things clear, and to listen to the other side of the question.

The note of this factory is unity from top to bottom. Everyone is there for one obvious purpose—to get on with the war. Good wages, good conditions, fair treatment clear the air for England. Grievances obscure patriotism, and are a drag upon service. There is no opposition of interests between employer and employed.

This factory uses organisation, without which work becomes chaos; and personal consideration, without which workers become chaotic. The direct result of the combination has been the kind of regular efficiency which gets things not only done, but well done; and not only done for to-day, but prepared and ready for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS BOTTOME.

A MODEL MUNITIONS-FACTORY: A CRÈCHE FOR THE BABIES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



"LIFE IS SAFEGUARDED AND ACKNOWLEDGED FROM ITS BEGINNING": A CRÈCHE FOR THE CHILDREN OF MARRIED WORKERS AT A MUNITIONS-FACTORY NEAR LONDON.

Elsewhere in this number will be found an interesting article describing the arrangements at a munitions-factory near London, where everything possible is done for the welfare of the women workers. The sympathy and consideration with which they are treated has resulted in general keenness and efficiency. One branch of welfare work is illustrated above. To quote the article already mentioned: "The mothers among the operatives

are provided with a splendidly organised crèche for their babies. They are encouraged to talk over each child with the matron, and are given advice as to its feeding and care. A weekly clinic is attached to the crèche, and visited by a competent doctor. Life is safeguarded and acknowledged from its beginning. The effect upon the operatives is plain to the most unpractised eye."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BETTER THE WELFARE, THE BETTER THE WORK: THE SECRET OF EFFICIENCY AT A MODEL MUNITIONS-FACTORY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



"THE DIRECT RESULT HAS BEEN THE KIND OF REGULAR EFFICIENCY WHICH GETS THINGS NOT ONLY DONE, BUT WELL DONE": MUNITION-WORK CONDITIONS WHICH "PAY."

In the article on another page dealing with the welfare of munition-workers, the writer shows that it is directly to the interest of employers to study the human factor in efficiency, and to make the conditions of work attractive. She cites as an example a munition-factory not far from London where several thousand girls are employed on shells and high explosives. "It has been grasped by its young manager," she writes, "that, with the necessarily long hours and heavy pressure of work, the factory itself must supply as much relief and recreation as possible. . . . The girls have a garden; they have a recreation-room for night shifts; they have a perfectly fitted small hospital, where they can be treated for any minor accident, or, in case of over-fatigue, where they are given an hour or two's rest in an airy rest-room before returning to their work. . . . The

garden fills twice daily with girls skipping, the recreation-room is crowded with girls dancing, and they feel quite at home in the little friendly hospital. . . . There have never been any strikes in this factory. All the operatives are cordially invited to make written complaints and put them in the Complaint Box. . . . Nobody is afraid of the Complaint Box. No operative has ever been looked at askance for a grievance. . . . In spite of the length of the hours. . . the women look healthy and unharassed. . . . Their interest in their work is as keen as Sheffield steel. . . . The direct result has been the kind of regular efficiency which gets things not only done, but well done; and not only done for to-day, but prepared and ready for to-morrow."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



THE TURKS AT THE RUDDING OF THE



THE TURKS AT THE RUDDING OF THE



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CONCERNING POTATOES.

ON the credit side of the war we shall find many surprising things when, in the times to come, we attempt to balance our profit-and-loss account.

vegetables which surpass it in this regard. In a fresh state the potato contains about 80 per cent. of water; starch and albumen make up most of the rest. It is estimated that 100 parts of good wheat-flour contain as much nutriment as 613 parts of potato. This inferiority of the potato in nutritious power is due

No greater testimony of the esteem in which the potato is held among us could be cited than the fact that, at the Westminster Tercentenary of the potato, no less than 500 varieties were exhibited. These, it must be mentioned, were obtained by cross-fertilisation from plants grown from seeds—the only way of producing new varieties and obtaining new qualities.



WITH THE FRENCH: PLACING BARBED WIRE ACROSS A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH.

French Official Photograph.

Among them will have to be reckoned a revaluation of the potato, which has suddenly risen, from a very humble place in our estimation, to the chief place among our vegetables.

But history repeats itself. For the potato had an uphill road to climb after its introduction to these islands before it found its way to favour. That introduction we apparently owe to Sir John Hawkins, who brought it from Virginia in 1563. But it met with no recognition. No better fate attended the efforts of Sir Francis Drake in 1586, though perhaps he did little or nothing to inform his countrymen of what he had done. The first serious attempt to bring the potato into notice among us was that made by Sir Walter Raleigh, who cultivated potatoes on his estates in Devonshire and Munster. But even then it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that serious attention was paid to the potato as a source of food, and then only for feeding "swine and other cattle." Presently it was promoted a step further, since it was suggested that it might be useful for poor people and for the prevention of famine on failure of the grain crops. The Royal Society took up this idea in 1663, and adopted measures for extending its cultivation with a view to the prevention of famines. They were probably helped to this conclusion by the example of Ireland, where the potato was cultivated to a greater extent than anywhere else in Europe, and with evident advantage to the people. But it was long before we in England followed suit. Gilbert White, writing to his friend the Hon. James Barrington on Jan. 8, 1778, remarks: "Potatoes have prevailed in this little district by means of premiums within these twenty years only, and are much esteemed here now by the poor, who would scarce have ventured to taste them in the last reign."

Things have changed mightily since then, but it required U-boat "frightfulness" to bring home to us how great was our dependence on this homely tuber. And now that it is not to be had we are all persuading ourselves that our very existence is jeopardised. We are certainly beginning to exaggerate its importance as a food. For, as a matter of fact, there are many

to the comparatively small quantity of nitrogenous matter which it contains, in consequence of which it is most advantageously eaten with animal food, such as good roast beef. However, it is scarcely graceful in me, at a time like this, to belittle a vegetable which

Normally, of course, potatoes are grown from tubers. Commonly these are supposed to be the product of the roots of the plants. This is not so. The root of the plant is quite distinct from the potato-bearing "roots," which are really underground stems, which bear small white leaves and terminate in a "tuber" commonly known as the potato. The tuber, as everybody knows, is studded with small holes, and if these be carefully examined they will be found to contain small white buds, which may have purple tips. Each of these "eyes," if removed with only a small portion of the underlying tissue attached, will reproduce a whole plant. This very economical means of obtaining plants has been recommended at the present juncture, in order that the rest of the tuber may be used as food. But it is devoutly to be hoped that the advice will not be followed, for the results would be disastrous. It could succeed only under the most expert treatment. But it is a common practice to cut potatoes in half, or to divide them even further. But even this is apparently to be deprecated, since experiments carried on at the North of Scotland Agricultural College showed that uncut tubers yielded far heavier than those which had been cut. It is well to notice, however, that a letter appeared in the *Field*, March 24, showing that the writer last year successfully reared productive plants from "eyes" borne on peelings thrown out from the kitchen. In view of a possible shortage of seed-potatoes, this source is not to be neglected. Though the number of tubers on each plant was below the average, in size they compared favourably, having a girth of 6½ inches.

From potato leaves, it is said, excellent cigarette-tobacco may be made; while the tops of the stems,



AT A FRENCH TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR AIRMEN: A COLONEL REVIEWING FLYING OFFICERS.

French Official Photograph.

is without doubt "a very present help in time of trouble." Moreover, it serves us not merely as food for ourselves and our pigs, but as a source of large quantities of starch, sugar, syrup, and spirit.

containing the youngest and smallest leaves, are used in some countries like spinach. Both these facts may be well borne in mind and tested during the coming year.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE HUMAN MACHINE IN MUNITIONS: THE CANTEEN AS POWER-HOUSE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



"THE CARE THAT HAS FED THEIR ENERGIES HAS FED THEIR WORK": GIRLS IN A MODEL MUNITIONS-FACTORY TROOPING INTO THE CANTEEN AT THE DINNER HOUR.

This drawing illustrates another phase of life in a model munitions-factory (described in our article on another page). "Good conditions for the operative," says the writer of the article, "mean good output. It was Napoleon who long ago realised that 'armies fight on their stomachs.' So does everyone with work to do, and the first of all practical duties when good work is required is physically to equip the worker. . . . Good meals are provided at cost prices in large airy mess-rooms, separated from, but close to, the

factory premises. The tables are made to look as nice as possible. Table-cloths are used, and pots of flowers adorn them. Lunch and tea are provided free, with little breaks of twenty minutes, which, if it is fine, can be spent out of doors in the girls' garden. . . . The effect upon the operatives is plain. . . . They are proud of their skill and their speed. The care that has fed their energies has fed their work."

—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WAR UNDERGROUND: MINING OPERATIONS BY FRENCH ENGINEERS.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



MINING ON THE MARNE FRONT: EFFECTING A JOINT IN THE TUBES OF A BORING APPARATUS.



AT WORK WITH A BORING DRILL: FRENCH ENGINEERS ENGAGED IN MINING OPERATIONS.



THE PROCESS KNOWN AS "TAMPING": BLOCKING UP A MINE-CHAMBER WITH BAGS OF EARTH AFTER LAYING THE CHARGE.



AFTER THE TAMPING IS COMPLETED: RETIRING ALONG THE GALLERY BEFORE DETONATING THE MINE.



LISTENING FOR SOUNDS OF THE ENEMY'S COUNTER-MINING: THE PART OF THE APPARATUS PLACED ON THE GROUND.



LISTENERS AT WORK IN A FRENCH MINE-GALLERY: THE PART OF THE APPARATUS ATTACHED TO THE EARS.

Modern warfare is carried on not only by land and sea, under the sea, and in the air, but also underground. Subterranean fighting is perhaps the most nerve-testing of all, when a man knows that at any moment he may be blown up from below, or have the earth above blown down upon him. These remarkable photographs, taken in French mine-galleries and published by the French War Office, illustrate well the conditions of the work. By way of description we cannot do better than give some extracts from an article in our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration": "When the advanced lines are

brought sufficiently close to make all progress impossible without heavy losses from bombs and grenades, mine-warfare commences. In this new phase the distance between the French and German trenches varies from about 25 to 50 yards. . . . Mine-chambers placed under the accessory defences, or under the machine-guns of the enemy, make the breaches (*i.e.*, before an infantry attack). The difficulty is to place the chambers, at the vital points. The enemy knows their importance and protects them by a system of counter-mines, charged as soon as the works of the attackers indicate a resort to mining.

(Continued opposite.)

LISTENING FOR COUNTER-MINING: "A VERY DELICATE OPERATION."

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



SCIENTIFIC LISTENING WITH SPECIAL DRUMS AND MICROPHONES: A FRENCH OFFICER OF ENGINEERS IN A MINE-GALLERY, DETECTING THE SOUNDS OF GERMAN MINING OPERATIONS.

Continued.
To locate these, listeners are placed at the end of each branch. . . . The organisation of "listeners" prevents surprise by the explosion of the enemy's *camouflets* (i.e., secondary chambers of greater depth, drilled by a boring bar towards the enemy's works to cause them to fall in). Listening is a very delicate operation. It consists of detecting the direction, height, and distance of the sounds heard. As a rule, listening is done by sappers trained specially. To obtain greater clearness, drums are used as well as special microphones. . . . As soon as a prolonged silence on the part of the enemy is noticed

after a period of rather hard work, the conclusion is that a chamber or a *camouflet* is being loaded, and at once you charge your own mine. . . . The loading of the mine-chamber is followed by the operations of connecting the fuse, and tamping. The latter consists of blocking up the mine-chamber with bags of earth or sand, so as to direct the force of the explosion towards the enemy. . . . The electric wires for firing, or detonating cords, are placed in troughs buried in the tamping, and, as soon as the latter is completed, the charge is fired."

THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT NOYON: A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



IN A LIBERATED FRENCH TOWN: GENERAL NIVELLE AT NOYON, RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM A LITTLE GIRL.

The deliverance of Noyon from the Germans, who had occupied it since the first month of the war, was regarded in France as the beginning of the liberation of her invaded territory. Noyon is only about sixty miles from Paris, and the phrase, "the Germans are still at Noyon," had been a constant reminder to Parisians that the danger was not over. There was an affecting scene on March 20 when the Commander-in-Chief, General Nivelle, visited the rescued town. People wept and knelt down in the streets as the French colours, which they had not seen since August 1914, passed by to the strains

of the "Marseillaise." A battalion of the 92nd Regiment formed the escort. A little girl, with tricolour ribbons in her hair, presented a bouquet to the General, who took her in his arms and kissed her. Near General Nivelle in the photograph is Senator Noël, Mayor of Noyon, who was a prisoner in German hands for two years. Describing the villainous conduct of the Germans during their evacuation of the district, Mr. H. Warner Allen writes: "At Noyon, at the last moment, a crime still more unspeakable was committed. Fifty girls were taken away by the soldiers to be 'officers' servants.'"

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General Sir Wm. Robertson

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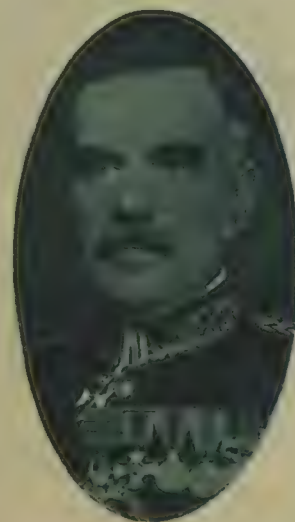
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GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON
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French Promptitude in Repairing German Damage: A Timber Bridge Built at Noyon.



WHERE THE GERMANS DESTROYED BRIDGES AND ROADS AND FLOODED THE TOWN: A FRENCH CONVOY APPROACHING NOYON CROSSING A TIMBER BRIDGE.

The buildings of Noyon, seen in the background of our photograph, suffered less from the Germans than those of other evacuated towns, such as Péronne or Bapaume. "Noyon," writes Mr. H. Warner Allen, "was comparatively fortunate. The unoccupied houses were looted, and, instead of firing the town, the Germans contented themselves with flooding its lower portions by damming the canals. The inundations rose quite

high in the town and caused much suffering, since it was filled with 12,000 old men, women, and children brought from the surrounding villages and the north. . . . When the French advanced into the German lines they found placards calling on them not to shell Noyon." How far the Germans were inspired by humanity was shown the day after they had left, when one of their aeroplanes dropped bombs on the civilian population.—[Photo. L.N.A.]

In a Town to which War has Brought Prosperity: An Italian Band Playing at Salonika.



SALONIKA ENJOYING MILITARY MUSIC PROVIDED BY THE ALLIES: AN ITALIAN REGIMENTAL BAND GIVING AN OPEN-AIR CONCERT.

The Germans recently tried to make out that Salonika had endured privations through the submarine campaign. Contradicting this, a "Morning Post" correspondent writes: "Never has Salonika known such all-round prosperity as that which it has enjoyed since the Allied armies arrived here. . . . The benefits of the Allied armies' presence reach

even the lowest classes of the population, who are employed—men, women and children—in thousands on road repairs, for which they are paid wages above any standard existing before the war. . . . Living is certainly much dearer than it was, but there is no shortage of necessities or even of luxuries."—[British Official Photograph.]

Spring Evenings

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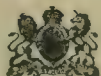
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LADIES' PAGE.

WITH the Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Asquith all making Women's Suffrage speeches in the House of Commons, and other influential members such as Mr. Long announcing their conversion, the inclusion of women in the next Electoral Reform Bill may surely be considered practically accomplished. Mr. Asquith's reason for his change of view is the one that makes the matter really urgent—that the industrial upheaval and consequent social and legislative new arrangements that must result from the war ought not to be made by men alone, without the women equally affected having the power to influence the conduct of Government.

Mr. Lloyd George made a splendid eulogy of the courage and capacity of women as displayed under his own observation when he was Minister of Munitions. As one illustration, he mentioned a necessity that arose for altering thousands of shells; the work was known to be dangerous and there were several fatal accidents; yet it was all done by the women workers, who stuck to the task without a trace of panic. Indeed, when Zeppelins dropped bombs outside certain large munition factories, there was some difficulty in getting the men to work for a few nights after, but we never had any difficulty with regard to the women. They were proud of participating in the dangers of their brothers in France, and boasted of it, and they saved the situation at a critical moment." It happened that on the day this speech was reported I received a letter from my ex-housemaid, who has gone on munition work, and she said: "I think there are girls here who win a V.C. as much as any Tommy in the trenches"; and she refers to the ordinary everyday work of the factory. Yet it should not be thought that women ask for the vote as any sort of payment for all they have done to help the country in this crisis. The point of any reference to that matter is to show how much service ordinary women can render—what valuable and hitherto largely ignored capacity there is wasted by artificial restrictions on their activity and their position as citizens. From the organisers, surgeons, and nurses of the women's war hospitals down to the smallest of the little brave munitionaires, the women who have well done great things for the country in the war have shown that men do themselves and the State a grievous wrong in denying women opportunities of action and service. But what will affect average public opinion most is doubtless Mr. Asquith's point.

We have every reason, I think, to be satisfied with the common-sense dress of women in this time. Never were London's shop-windows so uninteresting at this season of the year. Where, in happier times, we would see behind the great plate-glass windows "Spring Fashion" displays of all sorts of new fantasies some of which the world of women would adopt, others which would never get beyond the window—this year we find ranks of plain and utilitarian coat-frocks and regiments of woven jerseys in silk, imitation silk, or wool. These latter are of so obviously sensible and



A NEW SPRING FROCK.

Made of grey gabardine, embroidered in shades of grey, purple, silver, and black.

economical a character that even "mere man" can see that this is no mock simplicity, like the little muslin gown, for instance, which is perfectly cut by an expensive modiste and enriched with real lace and lavish embroidery. The jersey coat or blouse, with its brightness of colour and its variation in little details in different models, gives the pleasing sensation of something fresh and new; but it is inexpensive in itself, and more economical still in the fact that it avoids dressmakers' bills and dressmakers' liability to spoil or waste material. Another feature of the day's fashion is the loose fitting of all garments, which is both practical and sensible. It is easier and needs less skill to make a loose-fitting than a closely fitted corset; the one lasts longer than the other; and greater ease of movement, with less of fatigue and exhaustion, are the results. The newest attire for every occasion is built on these lines, from the wool or silk jersey coat for morning wear to the simple "chemise dress" in some soft and pretty fabric for afternoons, or the tulle or crêpe-de-Chine dinner-gown, with its chiffon or georgette pleatings, foldings, or swathings for corset.

Tunics and tunic-blouses are to be much worn this spring. Some are made on the simple lines of a dressing-jacket, and hang perfectly loose from the shoulders, slightly held in to the figure by loosely knotted belts, with tassels or bead motifs to make the sash-ends fall nicely; these belts are not pulled tight round the waist, but fall quite slack, thus lengthening the waist-line in front. Other tunic-blouses are gathered lightly into a band, with a full basque stitched on the under edge of the band, and a sash swathed round. Or smocking or plain rows of gathering done with silk in a different colour can be used to draw the little garment in to the figure to some extent—for instance, at each side of the front and at the centre of the back, the basque fullness flowing out beneath the ornament.

A simple method of trimming and at the same time slightly shaping a tunic-blouse is to run sections of it like darning, the thread being either gold or silver tinsel, or some pretty shade of coarse floss silk, or black. Others, again, of the tunics are slightly caught in to the figure by elastic concealed under the garment. The lower edge of the tunic is sometimes trimmed with a very narrow line of embroidery or a row or two of visible darning stitches, or something similar to the rest of the decoration; but, as often as not, a deep hem machined up visibly is employed. Very bright colours are used, in fine cloth as well as in silk or in the soft fabrics available, for these tunic-blouses, to be worn over dark skirts. For afternoon wear above tulle skirts, tunic-blouses in beautiful rich brocaded ninon-de-soie, velvet-brocade gauze, georgette crêpe, tinsel-brocaded tulle, satin charmeuse, etc., are very desirable.

Bad weather, dear leather, and scarce labour make the subject of boots and shoes more than usually important just now, and it is good to know that the well-known "Lotus" Company, of Stafford, are still supplying their well made boots and shoes at the old prices, and will make no difference until their stock of leather has been used. FILOMENA.

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Yours gratefully,

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Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

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ALL Lotus and Delta, made before prices rose on February and still left in the shops, will be sold at the old prices.

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All Lotus and Delta are marked, too, in plain figures. The prices are stamped on the soles with a hot die before the shoes leave the factory.

And that is not all. Lotus and

Delta are sold not at the high prices they would easily fetch, whilst shoes generally are so scarce, but always at low prices that are based on the actual cost of manufacture; they are free from even the suspicion of profiteering.

So those purchasers who wish to save some shillings per pair on their boots and shoes this spring should go straightaway, before all the old price stock is gone, to the shops selling Lotus and Delta in their district.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots
Agents everywhere



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Spinet
THE SUPER
CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia.
Cork-Tipped Ovals.

1/- for 20
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Every Housekeeper has experienced the discomfort of rough red hands caused by all sorts of work about the house. This trouble is soon done away with if a little LA-ROLA be rubbed into the hands every time they are washed.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

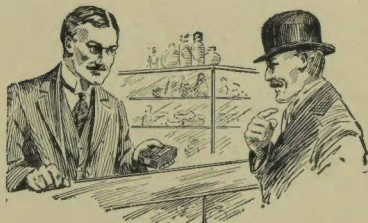
is a delicately scented Toilet Milk, is neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is quite economical to use, a bottle costing 1/6 lasting for quite a long time. Keep a bottle in your bathroom and you will find it an inestimable boon.

In bottles, 1/12 from all Chemists and Stores.

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may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

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are excellent for preventing bad effects from trench odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied. Send a tin to your friends in the Army.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores 1/3 tin

Warning: See the raised bar. Evans' Pastilles can be distinguished by the raised bar on each pastille. None are genuine without it.



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Children take them without fuss.

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Little
Liver
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Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature

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PARAGON ON THE FRAME.

Purchase BRITISH Goods and Refuse all Substitutes

A LINK WITH THE GREAT DAYS OF OLD.

THE record of the shops of London is a romance as well as a history, and it is curious how some of the older ones form links between George III. and George V. and famous soldiers and sailors of two centuries. One of

Mr. Thresher
 Beso good as brand
 Me three pair of Black
 Silk stockings & 3 pair of
 Black Cotton ~~at~~ stockings
 Nelson bought
 Nulton April 29th 1802

A HISTORIC DOCUMENT: NELSON'S ORDER.

these historical houses is the shop, so familiar to the Services, where Messrs. Thresher and Glenny carry on with characteristic vigour the outfitting business which has held the Royal Warrant since it was granted by George III. It was here, when the shop bore the sign of the Peacock, that Lord Nelson bought his kit, and one of the orders of the great Admiral is reproduced here. To-day, breeches, tunics, and all the accessories of the kit of a fighting man are sent from the Strand to every front on which the British are fighting, and to the wide seas. The house maintains its reputation for high quality, punctuality, and all the things that count; and on Aug. 4, 1914, there appeared in the *Times* this concise advertisement: "Active Service Kits. Thresher and Glenny, 152 and 153, Strand, London." To-day Mr. Glenny evolved a new "trench coat," known as the "Thresher," of which many thousands have already been supplied to and appreciated by British troops, and by none more than the Canadian contingent, for the firm has been a household word in Canada for years.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WONDERFUL JAMES." AT THE GARRICK.

IN consequence of "Petticoats" having secured only a brief run, room has been found at the Garrick for an old acquaintance under a new name. "Wonderful James" the play is called now, as Mr. Harold V. Neilson presents it; but it is none other than Messrs. Louis Parker and Murray Carson's twenty-four-year-old "Gudgeons," apparently revised somewhat as well as revived. This story of a rich American guileless enough to be taken in by a glib impostor who trades on his aristocratic name, and promises for a consideration to introduce him and his daughter to the best English society, sounds a trifle "tall" in these days; and both confiding father and the exuberant daughter who falls in love at sight seem more than ever conventional figures. But there is undoubted cleverness in the play, and it remains consistently amusing, if only by virtue of the unflinching resourcefulness of its rogue-hero James Ffolliott Treherne, the "Wonderful James" of the (new) title. Mr. Herbert Waring played the part originally, and it was only right that he should play it again, for no one else could hit off so well the flash dignity, the plausibility, the agility of this adventurer; voice, manner, pose are perfect. Happily matching his performance is that of Miss Marion Terry as the wife who is half-accomplice, half-victim of his villainies; her every delivery of the catch-phrase, "James, you are wonderful!" is a delight. Mr. Foss does his best to reconcile us to the credulity of the old American; and the love-scenes of Mr. Scott Sunderland and Miss Marie Mitchell make agreeable relief amid the atmosphere of roguery.

"SUZETTE." AT THE GLOBE.

To Mlle. Gaby Deslys's admirers the piece in which she figures—musical comedy, revue, sketch—is of little account as compared with what she wears and to what extent she dances. The frocks are the chief thing, and, next to that, her movements in them. In these respects "Suzette" should give them satisfaction. Mlle. Deslys appears in quite a number of resplendent and daring costumes, and has hats or head-dresses to match them, so huge at times as almost to double her height. Her dancing in the new Globe entertainment, for which

Mr. Darewski supplies characteristically feverish music, is as spirited—nay, furious—as ever, and she finds in Mr. Harry Pilcer an adaptable colleague. The episode of the cat and the canary, in representing which they combine forces, is already assured of popularity. Mr. Stanley Lupino and Miss Edith Drayson are also in the cast, and might have more to do with advantage

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The only agent that effects the functional "re-education" of the Intestine.

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Cleanses the Intestine,
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are a positive 'social danger.' But with JUBOL there is no risk of this kind, and in a very short time JUBOL will effect a real 're-education' of your intestine, which is now suffering from the ill-effects of purgatives."

JUBOL. Price 5/- per box (complete course of six boxes, 20/6). Prepared at Chatelet's Laboratories, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPEL'S, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom also can be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

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Dr. STEVENARD, Ex-Assistant-Physician to the Hospital, Brussels.

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Sweet, when they've cleared away
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Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.
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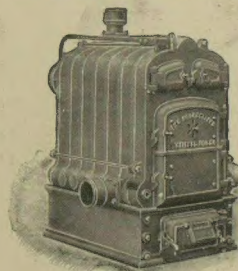
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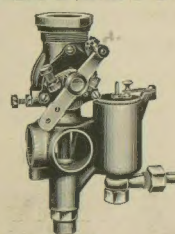
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As supplied to the Admiralty and War Office.

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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

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the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The standard remedy for over 40 years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.
5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, W.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Favouring the Foreigner.

It is now established that the great motor-manufacturing enterprise to be inaugurated at Cork in the very near future is a Ford concern. The design, apparently, is to build farm-tractors on a large scale, and it is said that when the factory is in full working order, an output of something like 50,000 tractors annually will be attained. These tractors are to be sold—at least, that is what we are told—at about £100 each, and the promoters of the scheme are good enough to say that "the English and Irish markets will be given preference." Authority is being given to import plant and machine-tools from America, as well as to purchase in England subject to the requirements of the Ministry of Munitions, and all seems to be going as merrily as the proverbial marriage-bell. Not unnaturally, the disclosure of the details of the scheme has led to an outburst of adverse comment from the British motor-manufacturing interests. It is pointed out with considerable justice that the whole of the British industry has been taken off its own work to assist in the manufacture of munitions of war, and that, in the usual course of things, it will find itself very seriously handicapped at the end of the war, when it is confronted with the problem of reorganisation for the purposes of the inevitable commercial war that will follow on the consummation of peace. Considering the sacrifices the trade has been called upon to make—and which it has made without a murmur—it is felt that if the Government thought it necessary that farm-tractors, or any other type of motor vehicle, should be manufactured in large numbers, our own industry might perhaps have been consulted before *carte blanche* was given to another concern to come over here and, with all the facilities possible, be allowed to create new interests to the possible detriment of our own trade. With those sentiments I imagine everyone who has any interest at all in the future of British commercial development will feel himself somewhat in sympathy. Of course, there may be good grounds for the action which it is understood the Government has taken in this matter; but they are not apparent on the face of things, and it certainly seems to be a case in which some explanation might not unreasonably be forthcoming.

Wooden Tyres in Germany.

Without presuming

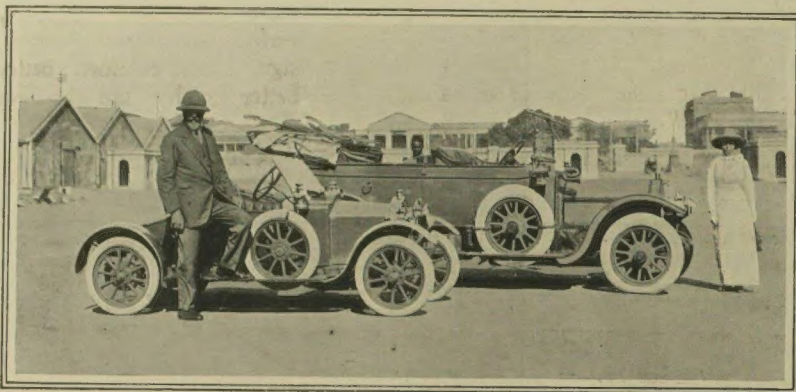
It is rather the fashion to condemn the British blockade of the Central Powers as being hopelessly ineffective. To enter on the discussion of an acutely

controversial subject, it is permissible to remark that in some directions at least the blockade seems to have produced a very marked effect. For example, the Continental Tyre Company—which, as everyone knows, is a purely German concern—has recently issued a price-list—in Germany, of course—of wooden cycle tyres. Judging by the illustrations that accompany the price-list, these wooden tyres do not differ a great deal in appearance from the real article. They are made in sections, and attached to the rim by security-bolts in a most ingenious manner. That they are like the pneumatic in appearance only is vouchsafed by the statement of the makers themselves, who remark that it will be found necessary to attach a spring fitment to the front forks. Then, they tell the purchaser, the machine can be ridden on bad roads and over paved highways: I don't envy the Hun cyclist who is compelled to ride his wooden-tyred machine over *pavé*. The trouble of tyre-shortage, too, seems to be setting the inventive German to work on the evolution of spring wheels for cars. The odd issues of the German automobile journals that reach this country contain many illustrations of the weird and wonderful contrivances that have been evolved to take the place of pneumatics. Some of them are very reminiscent of similar "spring-wheel" devices that we knew a few years ago, when it was the fashion to invent substitutes for the air-tyre, and from their appearance might be equally unsatisfactory in use. There has never been a spring-wheel yet that came within miles of being a real substitute for the pneumatic, and I do not think the Germans have found it. At any rate, none of the devices illustrated look like it.



A "VAUXHALL" IN CAPE COLONY: "THE LAST WORD."

This 25-h.p. Vauxhall car is seen in the Eastern Province, Cape Colony, in a spot known as "Pluto's Vale." The owner describes the car as "the last word" for economy, luxury, and flexibility.



POPULAR CARS IN INDIA: A "WOLSELEY" AND A "STELLITE."

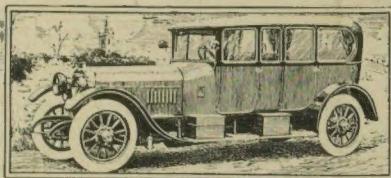
The two cars seen in this photograph are the property of Sir Francis Spring, K.C.I.E., of Madras. Sir Francis is an expert in all matters connected with cars, and well known in motoring circles in India as the founder of the South India Motor Union. The "Wolseley" is a 16-20-h.p. car.

The Presidency of the M.T.A.

Mr. Arthur Goodwin, of Messrs. C.A.

Vandervells', has been re-elected President for the current year of the Motor Trades Association. Although the motor trade is going through a period in which it would be almost literally true to say that there is no motor trade, the position of the heads of the trade societies is by no means in the nature of a sinecure. There is much to be done in conserving the interests of the members and in preparing for the at present somewhat nebulous time of "after the war," and all these bodies are as busy as ever.

W. W.



CONTRAST.

The advent of the peace-type

SUNBEAM

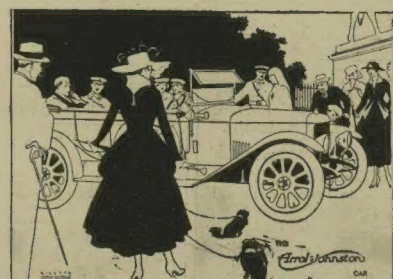
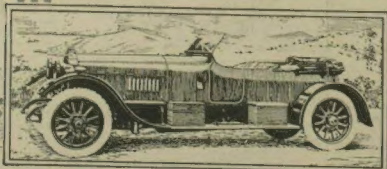
will afford a striking contrast to the motor-car of pre-war days. It will combine innumerable improvements both in engine design and general construction as to render car travelling by Sunbeam an experience of new pleasures and fresh fascination, in which the full benefit of our war-taught experience in the production of

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